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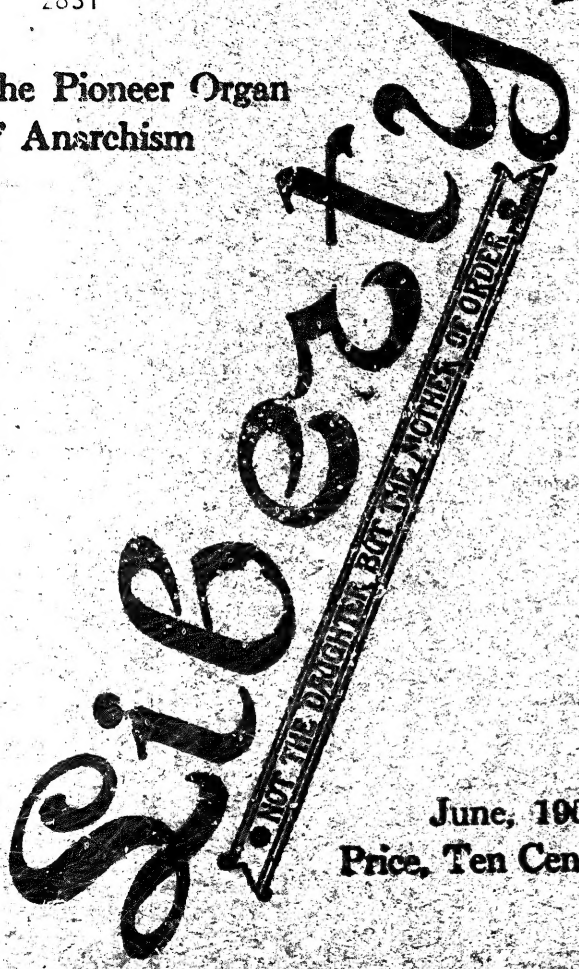

June, 1906
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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN MAY.

LIBERTY

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the purse of the enslaver, the grasping hands of the department clerk, all those insignia of politics which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—Proudhon.

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LIBERTY

Vol. XV—No. 3 JUNE, 1906 Whole No. 393

ON PICKET DUTY

Earthquakes, eruptions, and other calamities of nature, certain preachers tell us, are good for men, in the sense that trial and difficulty are good. They teach us to be kind and generous, as the millions pouring into San Francisco from every direction abundantly show. To kill some people that others at a distance may be moved to kindness is exceedingly clumsy and shabby ethics, and the "power" that cannot hit upon fairer methods had better refrain from undertaking to improve man's character. Aside from this, what the world needs is not generosity, but justice; not freer giving, but abstention from wrongful taking, from invasion; not charity, but equality of opportunity. What earthquake, what eruption has ever done a grain of good in this sense? Where and when were men made less willing to monopolize things, to aggress upon others' freedom, to profit by unfair laws and privileges, by a natural calamity? Perhaps the "power" does not know what we need; another reason for letting us alone, then.

"The Public" sees, of course, the difference between generosity and justice, and in discussing the "lesson" of the San Francisco disaster it says that kindness

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which spells nothing but charitable giving is not worth much suffering. But, it adds, "if the outbreak of kindness which is excited by great calamities be the kindness which leads on to justice,—justice in public as well as private relations, justice with reference to industrial institutions as well as personal conduct—the beneficence of these calamities, however horrible they may be, is explained." The "if" is a big one. As a matter of fact, the kindness aroused by calamities never (as I have said above) leads on to justice; there is nothing in such events to turn the thoughts of men to justice. But, granting the possibility of such an effect, why is, in that case, the beneficence of the calamities "explained"? An explanation which raises a question quite as difficult—the question of power—is no explanation at all. We expect human beings to do "justice justly"; yet here we are expected to believe in a power that makes for justice through misery and injustice and anguish. Why attempt lame and paradoxical interpretations at all? Why trace any connection between volcanic or tectonic convulsions of the earth and the moral relations of men? One might as well say that earthquakes are ordered as a means of cultivating human eloquence or rhetoric! They certainly are responsible for a good deal of vain and empty phrase-making. Why will sensible men cling to childish anthropomorphic interpretations of cosmic phenomena?

Gorky has had curious ideas of American liberty and toleration shaken out of him. His mission would have failed in any event; the American people would

not have given him money for armed rebellion and bombs in Russia; but, had not his private, sexual relations challenged the attention of the impertinent, vulgar, noisy meddlers, his failure might have been prosaic and shabby. As it is, the failure is one which will do more for progress and emancipation than financial success could have done. In the first place, an artist like Gorky should know what use to make of the knowledge he has gained of American hypocrisy; of the shallowness of our public opinion. In his next play or story we may be treated to a study of the American barbarians and Philistines. In the second place, Gorky's adventures will cause animated and general discussion of the question of sexual purity and impurity, and many minds, especially among the young, will be cleared of cant in consequence. Sweet are the uses of trouble and annoyance caused by bigotry and stupidity in such cases.

The trades-union bill introduced by the Bannerman government in the house of commons expressly legalizes peaceable picketing for all purposes, and provides that no act in furtherance of an industrial dispute shall be deemed criminal, no matter how many men combine to commit it, if the same act is not criminal when done by an individual. This certainly covers boycotting and various other practices which ignorant or prejudiced judges are in the habit of enjoining. The principle is one for which Liberty has for years contended, not only as against the pseudo-individualist press, but also as against men like Mr. Bilgram and E. C. Walker. The objection consistency requires one

to raise to the bill is that it makes a distinction between unionists and all other men, or between acts growing out of labor disputes and other acts. There is no valid ground for this distinction. The test of individual criminality is general. All men have a right to do in concert what they may legitimately do as individuals in any direction. This will be recognized before long on all sides, for the negations and violations of the proposition have resulted in grotesque absurdities that even the best-paid sophists of plutocracy will be unable to defend after a time sufficient to afford opportunity for sober thought.

Thursday, April 12, witnessed the following sudden outbreak on the editorial page of the New York "Sun." Since that date it has shown no further excitement in the same direction. Nobody seems to know what caused the explosion.

There are diseases of which the general public knows little or nothing which in their results are as disastrous to life, to health and to happiness as is consumption. Plain speech is sometimes necessary. Can one doubt for a moment that, if mankind were aware of the fact that ninety per cent. of all cases of locomotor ataxia and most of the paralytic attacks, that eighty per cent. of all the deaths from inflammatory diseases peculiar to women, at least fifty per cent. of all the operations known in gynecology, as well as thirty per cent. of all the blindness in infancy and childhood, were due to these diseases, transmitted by men as a result of immoral sexual association,—can one believe for a moment that, with this knowledge in mind, the public would not take steps to lessen the possibilities of these infections?

That's what Moses Harman thought. And see where he is *now*. That's what the "Sun's" great hero, Theodore Roosevelt, doesn't think. And see

where *he* is now. Will the "Sun," fresh from its study of medical statistics, and having told us what percentage of the prevailing mortality proceeds from the transmission of "these diseases" as a result of immoral sexual association, kindly tell us also what percentage of the remaining mortality proceeds from the transmission of "these diseases" as a result of moral sexual association? Or would it have us understand that every priest and magistrate is provided with a certain lymph, which goes with the marriage certificate and renders the moral immune? A little of the desirable plainness of speech would not be amiss here. The observant reader will note, too, that "these diseases" are nameless. The "Sun" calls a spade a spade, but it calls syphilis and gonorrhœa—nothing at all.

When an inexact thinker is beaten in controversy by a thinker more exact, he is very apt to say to him: "My good sir, you are a master of dialectic: I am no match for you." The curious thing is that he makes this remark, not with the proper humility, but with a singular air of satisfaction entirely out of harmony with his embarrassing situation. The key to the mystery is to be found in the fact that the worsted gentleman is saying to himself: "Why did I challenge him to argument? Why did I not challenge him to write a poem on the subject? The result would have been very different, then."

That excellent "provincial" newspaper, the Springfield "Republican," which, in the matter of alertness, range, and comprehensiveness, can give our

"metropolitan" dailies any number of points, has published a rather peculiar paragraph on Liberty's reference to the Patterson incident. I reproduce it as follows:

> The American organ of philosophic anarchy, Liberty, which Benjamin R. Tucker publishes every two months, makes some sharp comments upon a recent conversion in high life to Socialism. No one has thought to inquire what the Anarchists think of such events. Yet their view is of real interest. If any one is more radical than your true-blue Anarchist, bring him along. Mr. Tucker, referring to Mr. Medill, runs on in this style: "He had discovered that money was 'everything,'—'wine, woman, and song,' 'rest and activity,' fame, influence, and whatnot, and concluded that the great need was equality of opportunity. That equality of opportunity and Socialism are interchangeable terms is, of course, a jumped-at conclusion of the most naive and ridiculous sort; but, if the young men were unable to see the gap in the argument, does not the responsibility lie largely with the capitalistic press and the capitalistic political economists of the colleges?" Mr. Tucker thinks the "sham individualists" are responsible for these lamentable plunges toward Socialism, and he offers his own creed, of course, as the real, undiluted individualism. It must be admitted that there is very little pure individualism on the market, but we can't pass a pure creed bill, as we do a pure food bill, in order to prevent adulterations and mixtures of doctrine. Mr. Tucker himself couldn't consistently ask for a pure creed law. For he does not believe in laws.

Some one has said that explaining a joke is an excruciating operation. Criticising a pleasantry is, of course, even worse. The fact, doubtless, is that the "Republican" was interested in Liberty's comment, and wished to bring it to the attention of its readers. The humorous remark about pure creed bills, it knows well enough, is pointless. In stating that sham individualism is responsible for the growth of the collectivist sentiment Liberty stated a plain truth. The

plutocratic hypocrites are hopeless; but honest thinkers who profess individualism without realizing all it implies stand to benefit by such reminders. If they shall so benefit, there will result an increase of pure individualism on the market. "That's all."

The New York "Sun" propounds the following problem in ethics:

> Pompeii is one of the priceless possessions of mankind. Suppose a stream of lava which would otherwise overwhelm the remains of Pompeii and bury them forever could be averted by the involuntary sacrifice of a single life—let us say that of an obscure, mortally diseased, disreputable, worthless person inhabiting Torre dell' Annunziata; and suppose the question as to whether the lava should swallow up Pompeii or this single individual was to be decided by secret ballot of all the educated Christians on earth. Would the majority of the educated Christians of the world decree the destruction of what is left of Pompeii or the extinction of this one worthless life in Torre dell' Annunziata?

One wonders why the "Sun" thought it advisable to put so worthless a person in one scale of the balance. Of course to put a Darwin or a Goethe there would unnecessarily complicate the problem. But why not a healthy, reputable, ordinarily useful citizen? Surely, from the lofty point of view assumed by the "Sun," the difference between the ordinarily useful and the utterly worthless citizen becomes, in comparison with the difference between either and Pompeii, a negligible quantity; and, if the problem is to be decided solely by a comparison of the two values offered by the hypothesis, considered in themselves, the answer of no reasonable man will be altered by the substitution of an industrious locomotive engineer for a drunken pauper as

the contemplated victim. If, on the other hand, the really controlling consideration of the general security to human life afforded by uniform protection of the individual life is to be taken into account, then again the answer of no reasonable man will be altered by the substitution of the drunken pauper for the industrious engineer. One wonders too why the "Sun" simply propounds this problem instead of also answering it. But the latter wonder ceases when one sees the "Sun" devote four inches of its smallest type, undignified even by a headline, to an obituary of John K. Paine, with one exception the most eminent composer that America has produced, and the next day three-quarters of a column of its largest type, with two inches of headlines, to an obituary of John Daly, the gambler. The "Sun" undoubtedly realizes that it is constitutionally disqualified to judge of comparative values, ethical or other. The Socratic method is often found convenient by persons down whose throats no hemlock will ever pass.

In a platitudinous, pointless, widely-advertised speech on the "muck rake" men of the press, Roosevelt inserted a "radical" paragraph irrelevantly expressing his personal conviction that "ultimately" we shall have to restrict accumulations of unhealthy fortunes by means of some sort of progressive inheritance taxation. That it is much simpler and infinitely better to prevent the accumulation of unhealthy fortunes by doing away with legal robbery and special privilege is an idea beyond the Rooseveltian intellect. The "radical" in the White House favors ship sub-

sidies and denounces as enemies of the country the opponents of protection. He charges dishonesty even against those who propose to place on the free list or on the revenue-duties list the goods that compete with trust made commodities. And yet this quack talks about guaranteeing equal opportunities to all! If he knew what equality of opportunity was, what it implied, he would perceive that there could be no fortunes swollen beyond all healthy limits in an industrial order based on such a principle. Plutocracy, it may be added, is not greatly disturbed by "ultimate" schemes of inheritance taxation, or by any schemes of taxation, for that matter. What fills it with alarm and rage is the proposal to deprive it of its iniquitous privileges, of the State license to practise plunder and extortion. Roosevelt's "revolutionary" suggestions will not cost the campaign fund of his party a single dollar, but would the banking, trust, protection, and other monopolists contribute a red cent to a party advocating free banking, free trade, the withdrawal of subsidies of all sorts, and the establishment of full, fair competition?

In my little bookstore at 225 Fourth avenue I now have in stock perhaps the most nearly complete collection of advanced American and English literature to be found for sale in any single store in the world. To this stock will be added some months later a very full collection of similar literature in French and German, and all of the more important works of the same order in several other languages. To make a satisfactory catalogue even of the books already in stock is a task

of considerable magnitude. Nevertheless, such a catalogue will be ready before July 1, and it will then be possible to form an idea of the stock and to make selections from it with convenience.

Rev. William Rader, telling what he saw in the San Francisco earthquake, writes:

> I am thankful that some things have not burned. The government is intact. I stood under the "Call" building, that even then was crowned with fire, and saw the first detachment of United States Regular soldiers halt, load their rifles, and receive orders. It was grand, and I thought of what Garfield said when Lincoln was shot: "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and the government at Washington still lives."

There is no limit to what some people can get enthusiastic over. Verily it is true, what the Anarchist Stickers say, that "what one man believes about God, another believes about Government." Only there may be a doubt about the word "another"; sometimes it is the same man.

In an attack on yellow journalism Postmaster-General Cortelyou told an audience of Michigan Republicans that "cases before the courts must be tried there, and not in the newspapers." And I tell you, Cortelyou, that cases that ought to be before the courts should be sent there, instead of being tried in the post-office department at Washington.

In a review of Bailie's life of Warren the New York "Times" calls the book "an explanation of the hopeful views of those individualists who have so hurt an

excellent cause by calling themselves Anarchists." Well, if the "Times" declares that our cause is excellent, then at least we have not driven off the "Times." Shake hands, Comrade Ochs.

There is a famine in Japan, as we know; and its nature is thus explained by a Japanese named Inouye:

> We hope you do not misunderstand, and think there is no grain and flour in Japan, because there is plenty. The only thing troubling the famine sufferers is that they have no money to buy food with. And the reason the nation can not help is because of its poverty, and not because of lack of sympathy.

So, when there is plenty of food in the land, and the reason why multitudes are starving is not because the food is not at hand but because they have no money to buy it with, this shows that they suffer because of their neighbors' poverty and not because of their neighbors' lack of sympathy. Bear this in mind, and learn to interpret social phenomena.

Of the three great Anarchistic figures that stood preeminent in the literature of the nineteenth century —Stirner, the philosopher, Proudhon, the economist, and Ibsen, the artist—all now are gone. But their force is far from spent; their work has only just begun.

CAME THIS FROM NAZARETH?

[Congressman McCall, of Massachusetts.]

> I venture to say that, if all the penal statutes—Federal and State—were strictly enforced at any given moment of time, there would be very few people in this country outside of the penitentiary. And that statement does not impeach the rectitude of the people of the United States.

GRACE DARBY'S CASE

It is now reported that the Mad Venus, as the headline-makers delight to call her, is engaged to be married in her Canadian refuge, to marry the man who helped her get away. This apparently closes an incident that has been a first-class source of journalistic sensation in Boston, and one in which, so far as I have observed, the papers have been able to keep up a prolonged supply of sensation without ever being compelled to deny or doubt any statement that had been made in reference to the case,—an unusual record.

Assuming the truth of all reports, as I know no reason for doing otherwise, the story is as follows. Grace Darby was the child of incest,—constructively, if not substantially,—and spent her first years among surroundings of the most degrading sort. If it can ever be a blessing to a child to lose its parents and become a charge on public charity, it was so to her. In the charitable institutions of the State she grew up, and was found such a developable girl that she became, as I should judge, somewhat of a pet, and received in these institutions better training than I suppose to be the common lot of their inmates. So the year 1905 found her in the lunatic asylum,—a young woman of rare beauty and charm and of fine culture, giving to visitors no evidence whatever that she was a lunatic. But, as the officers of the asylum were supposed to know best, visitors in most instances paid no special attention to her case, except to notice her as a striking ornament of the place, until in the said year 1905 the papers broke out with the news that she had run away;

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that her escape had been assisted by a lover; that the officers were hot on her trail; that she was out of reach, having gone to Maine, and there being no law for extraditing a person on the charge of lunacy. (It may be worth noting that no attempt is known to have been made to have her put under restraint in Maine on the ground that she was a lunatic,—a thing which I believe can be done to a genuine and demonstrable lunatic without regard to whether he has escaped from custody in another State.) Meanwhile her history, her description, her portrait, were filling the pages with most admirable effectiveness; and an interview with the asylum officials as to whether it was true that an employee of the asylum gave help to her flight, or as to what was really the matter with her, was good for half a column any day. It was apparent from the headlines and so on that, even in the earliest days of the sensation, some of the newspaper men had an inkling of the reason for her confinement; but the facts were not given out in shape for publication till the end, when the news came that she was safe in Nova Scotia, and the papers were making their last harvest of relevant fact and comment. Then the superintendent of the asylum consented to let an interviewer have his answer to the question: "What is the precise nature of Grace Darby's insanity?" He said that there was no flaw in her general intelligence, but that her moral and emotional constitution was such as "would make her very easily the victim of any unscrupulous male person, and it would seem to have been a kindness to protect her against this"; I quote from memory. Then, after her life had been published piecemeal as news and

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then continuously as a serial story, the newspapers found something else to print, until in the new year the words "Mad Venus" came back to the headlines with the announcement that she was about to be married.

As the essential facts seem to be undisputed, the situation is favorable for thinking over the principles involved; and there is good cause for doing so. In the first place, what about the correctness of the superintendent's judgment that it was "a kindness" to keep her jailed? Indisputably it is a hard fate that befalls a refined woman, when she lets herself be seduced and then finds herself abandoned, probably at the beginning of motherhood; and the superintendent doubtless had good reason for fearing that this would be Grace Darby's fate. But it is just as indisputably a hard fate to be kept in permanent confinement, and to be kept in compulsory celibacy while one's amatory desires are by nature excessively strong. Again, it is to be expected that moral degradation will result from letting one's self be run away with by the passion of love, as Grace Darby was likely to do; but there is a not less genuine moral degradation that naturally results from continuous tutelage. Which way had she the worst prospect? The question is not to be answered offhand; and doubtless the asylum superintendent has given it a greater amount of the necessary reflection than have any of us who criticise him. Only it is not clear that he was an unbiased judge. He may well have been prejudiced by an undue faith in the excellence of his own administration and the consequent heavenliness of life in his asylum; and he may have been affected by the prolonged habit of regulating the

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lives of others and treating them as incapable of regulating their own. If we often observe that old schoolteachers are apt to be dictatorial and dogmatic, and to put a strain on the patience of neighbors who may fancy that they themselves also know something, I do not think I should like to have my privilege of managing my own affairs decided upon by an experienced lunatic-asylum director.

There is another obvious side to the question,—the stirpicultural. It is one of our most familiar axioms that lunatics should not be permitted to have children to inherit their defects; and here we have one whose very deficiency made it especially certain that, if left to herself, she would not remain celibate in any case. Still, our axiom is not undisputed. Wells's brilliantly paradoxical onslaught on it in "Mankind in the Making" should be borne in mind here, for it seems to me that Wells's arguments have a much better application to Grace Darby than to most lunatics. The matter with her is that her amatory impulses are likely to override her self-control, and the story of her parentage shows this to be a hereditary trait in her blood. This might abstractly be either because her amativeness was exceptionally strong, or because her self-control was exceptionally weak, or both. But, if her self-control had been exceptionally weak as a whole, she would not have been spoken of as likely to go wrong only in this one direction; obviously the main point is that her amatory impulses are exceptionally strong; her self-control may also be weak, but nothing in the evidence gives us reason to suppose that it is exceptionally weak; the reason why it is liable to give way

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is not so much its own weakness as the unusual strength of its rival. So, however sure we may be that lack of self-control is a defect that it is desirable to breed out of our stock, we must consider this case not as of that nature, but as an abnormally intense development of a legitimate faculty. Now, what we want is "to have life, and to have it more abundantly," and it is not presumable that the extraordinarily full development of a proper part of life makes a person an unfit parent to breed from. Doubtless it makes her a less perfect person, just as a dwarf would be deformed and crippled by having one of his legs grow to the proper size of a man's leg; but in her grandchildren this disproportion will in general be toned down by the mixture of other ancestries, and the question becomes ultimately that of mixing a little additional percentage of this element in the general make-up of the coming race. Here there is no use in appealing to *a priori* arguments (among which our general axiom, not to breed from lunatics, must certainly be classed); for our *a priori* arguments almost necessarily start from an approval of the past adaptation of the race in general to its past environment; but in what relates to the practical value of the sexual impulse our civilization is changing environment so rapidly that we can not presume anything from the past. In matters of bodily health, civilization has to confine itself pretty much to giving man a more perfect supply of what he always did require; the power of the past controls us; and, in the controversy as to whether it is better for a baby to be rocked to sleep or to be left to go to sleep without rocking, the argument that, when our ancestors were

monkeys, the wind rocked the babies in the tree-tops, hence it may be presumed that baby nature still wants rocking, is a perfectly legitimate and forceful argument. In such a matter as marriage and the constitution of the family, one leading point—that of the conditions of providing for the sustenance of mother and children—has been altogether changed since the time when our institutions of marriage were ordained for us by our prehistoric forefathers; but most of the factors — the phenomena of love and jealousy between adults, the love of offspring, the child's need of personal parental attention—remain substantially as they were, and it is not easy to make out that the conditions of to-day require any certain thing in regard to marriage laws without at the same time making out that the conditions of the past required the same. But, in the question whether it is better that there be a general eagerness to marry or that there be a tolerable willingness to remain celibate, the experience of the past, even down to a very recent date, is not worth a chew of gum. That is, not in the sense of giving us a presumption that anything will or will not be desirable because it was or was not found to be so by experience. Recollection is useful in calling our attention to the factors which must enter into the problem, and in showing us their ways of working; but it does not teach us what sort of a balance they are going to strike now. We see that socially, if not physiologically, we are evolving into a condition like that of the bees and ants, where a few females produce numerous offspring in order that the other females may give their time wholly to work. I say socially, not phys-

iologically, for the liberation of an increasing number of old maids as working-bees does not seem to result at present from the birth of a larger number of children per mother, but from the success of modern science in preserving the lives of a larger number of those who are born; and there is room for a vast further progress on this line—see Wells again. But there is no telling when some statistician will come and show the presence of an incipient physiological evolution here. In fact, I doubt if I could not show it myself, at least on one side. For this state of affairs results on the one hand from the presence of so large a number of girls who are willing to become old maids and do not care to take the trouble of putting themselves in the way of catching a husband, contrary to ancient tradition as to woman's disposition—a tradition which goes back, we must suppose, to very early times, since Genesis 3:16 represents woman as especially the amorous sex. Probably the tradition is in some part due to the fact that women used to be taught nothing else worth thinking of, to divide their attention with love; but I rather think there has also been some change of inborn temperament, and such a change may in more than one way be a result of the social customs (some of them unreasonable) that have prevailed regarding the relation of the sexes. At any rate the fact is here, and is a common topic of printed comment and printed lamentation, that a considerable percentage of our more highly educated girls act as if they were perfectly contented with perpetual virginity. As I have said, we cannot positively know whether this tendency, which has apparently been so many centuries in pre-

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paring, will work for good or for evil in the twentieth century or in the thirtieth; but, as I have also said, the general sentiment of the public is that it is for evil. Now, if it is for evil; if it would be better that our cultured women should be less willing to remain maids,—then the addition of Grace Darby's blood to our stock of heredity is precisely what we need; give it two hundred years to mix with the rest, and you will have sixty or seventy great-great-great-great-great-granddaughters who will be much more nearly what society wants than if Grace Darby had been successfully kept in the asylum.

For myself, I am on the elopers' side. As to Grace's personal enjoyment, I hold that a life with as much satisfaction as possible, even with suffering added, is better than a life on Epicurus's principle of no joys and no sorrows. As to her moral development, I hold with H. Clay Trumbull, in the best days of his editorship of the "Sunday School Times," that "the Christian ideal has worked to the emancipation of man from all earthly constraint and bondage, that he may be free to work out his spiritual destiny; it values the spontaneous and the inspired as opening new vistas of human possibility; it claims for every man to make what he will of his own life, that he may be free to put it into the hands of God: it vindicates for every man the right to go wrong, in order that there may be some merit in his going right." (Trumbull wrote these words not in a theological discussion, but in reference to the desirability of having human affairs regulated by government of men; and I apply them here, I believe, in his spirit.) As to both these points of her

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personal life, I call attention to the fact that up to date the superintendent's fears have all turned out void; her young man evidently had the most honorable intentions; so had the friends with whom he placed her; the papers hot on the trail of sensation have found no opportunity to report any misconduct on her part; she is now getting married in the properest way in the world; and there is no violent presumption that, after she is married, she will ever give occasion for scandal. The superintendent's fears failed to take into account the fact that there are a great many more honest men than rascals in the world, and that Grace's beauty would be just as attractive to an honest man as to a rascal. On the other hand, the evils to result from her permanent stay in the asylum would most of them have been quite inevitable if she had staid. Finally, as to the desirability of mixing her blood with that of the race, I believe that we shall fail to transform the race so far that it will not be desirable to have our best-trained women become mothers in their own persons; that the women of our race to-day have been given an inheritance of coldness that is equally unnatural and unwholesome*; and that the addition of this unbalanced wild strain to our stock will, in the end, give us a better-balanced stock than if this were omitted. Even if I did not believe this, I should still be much inclined to think that (within limits which we are in no danger of reaching) our

* I do not mean to assert that these adjectives apply recognizably to its manifestations in the majority of women, but that, taking them as a whole, with all the variations up and down, the balance is too far on that side—the variations down are more than they should be.

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posterity will have a better heredity by inserting all elements of especial energy in any line, even if the result be out of balance, and leaving it to posterity to level the rest of the faculties up to these instead of these down to the rest. But I do not think Grace and her lover need this last proposition to be admitted in their defence. Therefore, may she live to bring up all the children she can care for!

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

THE SWIFT SYSTEM

When one has waded through 270 pages of vituperation, invective, abuse, almost wild, incoherent raving, it is very difficult to write calmly and coherently one's self. The temptation is very strong to deal in epithets, even though every one knows that mere denunciation and unsupported assertion carry no weight with thinking people. Unfortunately an enormous subject, full of immense potentialities, has been despoiled of its virility and value by just such a process of mistreatment. Morrison I. Swift chose for the title of a book "Marriage and Race Death,"—a subject which comprises one of the most pregnant propositions in modern sociology. Here was an idea, most clever in its conception, practically ruined, for its best purposes, in its development.

From the opening chapters the idea is gathered that the continuation of our present social system means the death of the race. A great deal of evidence, of various degrees of reliability, but for the most part fairly trustworthy, is adduced to show that, not only in the

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families of the rich, but also among the working people, are small families and even no families coming to be the rule rather than the exception. For a long time the rich have been failing to reproduce their kind to any great extent, for reasons which have been more or less well known; it is pointed out that now the poor are following the example of the rich in this respect, and for the perfectly obvious reasons that, in the first place, women are more and more entering industrial life, and have therefore less time and inclination for raising children; and, in the second place, both men and women are finding that it does not pay. Mr. Swift has presented a stupendous array of facts to support his conclusions.

Now, by far the greater part of the book is devoted to the discussion of the economic side of the labor question, and has little, if anything, to do with marriage. Here again are quantities of evidence, gathered from newspapers and elsewhere, piled up to demonstrate the cupidity of the rich and the stupidity of the poor,—the uncontrollable greed of the capitalist-masters and the imbecile supineness of the laborer-slaves. All these facts would have a tremendous value and importance, if only they had been turned to the best uses that could have been made of them; but, instead of reasoning clearly and logically from his premises, Mr. Swift has permitted himself to call names and use a great deal of language that borders very closely upon coarseness, while many of his sentences and phrases are so vague and involved that his meaning is obscured.

Of course I do not mean to imply that the book is wholly devoid of rational argument; neither do I wish

to be understood as objecting to his language on purely æsthetical grounds, since his book is not presented as a study in literature or art, and I myself am not excessively squeamish; but I do most emphatically assert that this crudity, obscurity, and barbarity of speech will, with a great part of the public to whom he appeals, defeat the object for which the book was evidently written. My objections are offered, therefore, solely on the ground of expediency, for it is very unpleasant to me to see such good opportunities and material wasted.

The burthen of Mr. Swift's argument in the earlier chapters of his book is that it is not only foolish, but almost criminal, for laboring people to go on begetting children whose certain destiny is to be ground up in the maw of capitalism; for, according to his dictum, to shut off the labor supply is to sound the knell of capitalism. This aspect of the question is not new to the readers of Liberty, for its editor, in a discussion with E. C. Walker some years ago, proved conclusively that the limiting of the family of the laboring man is not going to solve the labor problem, its sole effect being to better the condition of a few laborers with small families at the expense of those who have larger families.

As a strict matter of fact, there is nothing new in this book to the readers of Liberty. There are certainly many new combinations of expletives, but these are such as to repel many who might be influenced by the facts collected. If the work has any serious purpose (and no one who has ever known the author can doubt that), it is to reach the earnest searcher for

truth, and help him to solve the various social and economic problems with which he is confronted and often perplexed. A perusal of "Marriage and Race Death" by any such person is bound to result, unless he be already well grounded in some rational philosophy, only in bewilderment and confusion. I do not ask any one to take my word for this; the evidence is forthcoming. On page 46, speaking of the futility of the effort of the coal miners to better their condition by striking, Mr. Swift says:

> There is another way, revolutionary politics, by which the workers could be lifted immediately out of their wretchedness.

Needless to say, the term "revolutionary politics" is not clearly defined. However, we begin to understand something about it when we read on the next page the following statement:

> The single justification of another coal strike is to effect the expropriation of the coal mines by the United States.

Here it is seen that we are confronted with State Socialism. But let us not be too hasty and jump to the conclusion that that is what the author means. Perhaps, after all, he is a Communist. On page 101 it is stated:

> All men are not born equal, either mentally, morally, or physically, but *they are all born with the right of material equality.* And the reason for this is that equality insures the largest application of power to race growth.

Passing over the *non sequitur*, and taking the statement for what the writer intended it to mean, let us turn to page 122, where we have the same idea—

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non sequitur and all!—expressed in a different way:

By abolishing the rich and lifting through equality the general condition, the chance and stimulus to evolve are given to all. This is the basis of a better race. And every one is born with the inalienable right of material equality, because a better race is the exclusive road to the higher destiny of man.

Lest these sentences should delude any one with the idea that government and the machinery of politics are to be abolished, it is better to read the following, to be found on page 156:

To obtain a higher type of presidents, nominating conventions should be abolished, and the people by direct vote should select their presidential nominees.

Still more important, the world's common people should internationally combine in a new world government.

This seems at least to be something definite, but does it quite coincide with what is advocated on page 210? Here it is:

Revolution is not a mere incident and occasional helper of evolution: it is in man the main thing: it breaks the path and lets evolution follow along. Without revolution to blast out the rugged impediments, evolution stands forever helpless and idle. Evolution without revolution is an abortion of scientific imagination. . . . . The French Revolution was but a contracted county brush to what was needed. To show masters that they should not slaughter mankind *ad libitum*, a few masters were killed: it needed the killing of many of them in every country of Europe to make an impression.

Now the pendulum swings back to Communism again (page 219):

Wealth, as an instrument to develop the unit and whole for the fashioning of a better human type, cannot be a private thing.

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As a means for confounding confusion in the mind of the earnest, but perhaps inexperienced, investigator, nothing could quite come up to the conglomeration of schemes to be found on page 256 *et seq.*:

Let the people give this proposition to the commercial ruffians: Make over to us the *title* of the wealth you have stolen from us. You can now do this voluntarily and gracefully; if you decline, you will be later compelled. Having done it, you will be no longer the *owners* of the nation and its wealth: you will be the temporary *administrators* of the latter. For this administration you will be paid liberally while you live, upon the scale that servants of the United States are paid for administering its affairs. . . . . To aid you in this wealth administration a non-partisan administrative board of citizens should be installed. . . . . .

This is the only honorable or safe way left to our rich masters. They may reject it. The gods make mad those whom they will destroy. It will then be for the people to take over the title to the wealth without further waiting upon the robbers for consent. It should be accomplished as a vast popular rising and demonstration, to serve notice of annihilation upon all men in the future contemplating robbery of the people. There is the ballot-box waiting to have this popular decree registered.

Certainly an unprecedented use of the ballot-box, to say the least. There is also something unique in the proposition that, when one discovers in his house a thief who has stolen everything he could lay his hands on, the best thing to do is to tell the thief that he may "administer" the property, if he will agree to make over the "title" to the owner! Otherwise, "annihilation" awaits the plunderer at the ballot-box.

However, Mr. Swift is not partial; he is apparently willing to give all sides a show; so he adds toward the end of his book a little touch of Anarchism by way of leaven. Impatient of politics, he at last gets a glimmer of light (page 258):

The universal strike of all classes is an unsurpassed revolutionary instrument. It is instantaneous, it is complete, it is final. It brushes aside the ponderous intricacies of politics evolved in corruption and readily subject to the leadership of the low. Politics has become the fatting-ground of vile and cunning tricksters. A universal strike makes the adjustment *industrial*, not political. If the people say, "On a certain date we cease working for capitalists forever," on that day capitalists will drop out; the capitalist system will be ended, without bullet, blood, or political vote.

But, as an indication of his hazy conception of the problem, note what he immediately adds:

The people would then form a joint-stock company of all capital—every man and woman in the country equal shareholders.

In his next proposition, he reverts to Anarchism, advocating the refusal to pay taxes, but failing to follow that plan to its logical conclusion. He says that, as the rich would then become the visible possessors of everything, "revolution would occur instantly. The rich robbers would be expropriated and properly disposed of." How?

In the last three or four quotations I have given the gist of the chapter on "How to Restore the Race." The book is full of repetitions and just such glaring inconsistencies as I have pointed out. The best of its facts and its valid arguments could have been nicely put in a hundred pages; and such a book, with coherent and rational use of the material, would have made a valuable educational document.

Reference is made, somewhere in the volume just considered, to the author's pamphlet on "Human Submission"; and this, on perusal, proves to be of more

consequence than "Marriage and Race Death," as it is much more clearly (and less hysterically) written, and contains more argument and reasoning. It attempts, in a somewhat pretentiously scientific manner, to discover the origin of the servility and submissiveness that we find in the human race today, and to trace its development. This historical treatment of the subject is not without value; but the conclusions arrived at and the remedies offered are not new to Anarchists. Here, more distinctly than in the larger book, it is seen that the keynote of Mr. Swift's philosophy is Communism. While fearing that we are drifting toward a violent revolution, he urges the destruction of the system of private property as the only thing that will save us from a worse reign of terror than France experienced. He advises all people who are out of work and starving to commit petty thefts, in order to have themselves put in jail *en masse* and fed at public expense until the public rebel against it. Mr. Swift sees causes pretty clearly; as to the best means for achieving liberty, however, he is apparently still in the dark.

C. L. S.

WHAT IS A MOB?

The mob spirit is one of the mysteries of the world to me. The mob does not seem to be composed of human units, but to be a thing apart, an entity by itself,—for in it the individual is lost, and the wisdom of centuries of experience painfully acquired from one generation to another is engulfed in the racial passions.

The mob spirit is elemental. The truth is, the great majority of people are still in the primal horde stage. They have not yet become sufficiently individualized to have opinions and actions of their own. They are like the oysters that cling in myriads to the shore: what one oyster does, infallibly all other oysters do. Or, they are like the ants, whose intelligence is but the instinct of the swarm. Or like bees, where the motive controlling the actions of one bee is identical with that which moves the hive.

I am not deprecating solidarity. To feel one's self in fellowship with his race is to experience the joy of living. The term "individualism" antagonizes most people: but it is a singular fact that the mob is seldom swayed by love and consideration, while it is the highly individualized member of society who feels most sensitively the rights of others and his obligations toward them. What man in reason and judgment and as an individual would have injured Maxim Gorky's wife? Yet the masses have insulted her basely. Editors, professors, ministers of God have vied with one another in protesting the virtue of the American home. It is clear enough what the matter is: in their hearts they have no hatred, nor wish to condemn, but as formulators of public opinion, as leaders of "those who know nothing," they prostitute their most sacred convictions—because they dare not do otherwise.

Constantly about us we are made aware of this entity the mob, a very real entity, that lives and moves and destroys, and with which every individual must cope. It is a well-worn saying that human nature is the same now as in the days of imperial Rome. Yes,

so it is, for in the mob speaks the race,—but in the individual speaks whatever progress the race has made from the Age of Stone. To one who has considered the stationary mob and the progressive individual, with what force come home the words of Josiah Warren:

> All must be left to the supreme decision of each individual, whenever he can take on himself the cost of his decisions; which he cannot do while his interests or movements are united or combined with others. It is in combination or close connection only that compromise or conformity is required. Peace, harmony, ease, security, happiness, will be found only in Individuality."

HELEN TUFTS.

CARLOTTA CORTINA

Giovanni Parenti kept a jewelry shop, Number 52 South Fifth avenue, next door to Jules Rascol's brass shop. Everything in the shop was false, except some wondrously beautiful glass-bead necklaces which would have been considered beautiful by a Greek girl of Mytilene some six hundred years before Christ, but are far too cheap to be beautiful today. They sold at Parenti's for a dollar and a quarter each, which was many times the cost. The watch-cases were filled; the rings and ear-rings, bangles and bracelets, were all [illegible]or washed. Nothing was pure gold, except the afternoon [illegible] which at four o'clock rested on the head of a porcelain Virgin Mary who gathered a blue robe to her breast and looked with sad fixedness at the tawdry glitter about her, so seductive to simple hearts.

Parenti did a fine business—aided by Love. Had it

not been for Love, he would have had to quit business, —which is often true. But he sold much to the young men who were bootblacks, peanut and chestnut vendors, fruit vendors, makers of plaster casts, who were in love with the young girls who curled feathers, and made flowers and coarse laces, and he sold also to the young girls who were in love with these young men, and sometimes he sold to old leather faces in whom Eros had set up a last conflagration which consumed their bones more furiously than those of the young. Then there were anniversaries and christenings. He loaned money, too, though three balls were not over his door.

Parenti was honest. He never lied about his wares unless it was safe. He had solid gold prices, but never told any one his filled and washed wares were solid gold. Indeed, if they asked him, he was very frank, and had three answers, according to the person: "No, it is not solid," or, "I do not know," or, "Judge for yourself by the price." If they asked no questions and believed it was solid gold, why, that was not his fault. We all like to cheat ourselves and, God help us! shall some one be always pulling our skirts to say, "Excuse me, do you really believe this or that? Well, it is not so: you are deceived." Parenti had that honesty which is rewarded with millions in commerce. Had he lived, he might have become a real magnate.

In the rear of the Café Mazzini was a room, somewhat dark in the daytime, and hung with placards of Italian and French steamer lines, and furnished with some tables, chairs, and spittoons. Here the more reckless waiters, porters, bootblacks, and cheap musi-

cians would exchange wealth over cards, and Parenti was lucky and cool. Besides, even should he lose occasionally (and it was not etiquette to always win in this circle, for the common people are suspicious)—even if he lost, the winner would celebrate his luck by decorating his little mistress with jewelry from Parenti's. So, as one might say, all roads led to his pocket.

He was slim, with a handsome, bad face. Raven hair, poetically tossed over his narrow white brow. Black eyes, with very long lashes; a baby's mouth and pointed chin—and just an adolescent moustache feathering his lip. His teeth were too white—like a villain's. He indulged himself always in a long, restful dinner at the Restaurant Brunello, around on South Washington square, up a set of steps with cast-iron railing of really remarkable ugliness. The house had once been a private residence, the front and back parlors thrown together making the dining-room. The fifty-cent dinners of Madame Brunello (she should have been Signora Brunello) were justly celebrated. Only the divine ruler of the universe, who knows all things and from whom not the smallest thing is hid, could guess how she did it. Her clients declared her dinners were mysteries—in which statement there was much truth. And a pint of wine, too. The real juice of the California grape and the purest Croton water. Always there was spaghetti, very delicious, with soft, powdery Roman cheese: and a famous dish for Sundays was chicken breasts with Italian noodles. It was the Sunday dinner especially which excited wonder: an Italian salad; cabbage; lettuce; anchovies in oil;

tunny fish (suspected of being sturgeon); sweet pimentoes with an oil and vinegar dressing, and capers. Just a mouthful, of course, because other things were to follow. Soup—not too strong, lest it destroy the appetite (and the cheapness of water has been known for ages to vintners, milkmen, and soup-makers); fried sole (the stage name for catfish); the bottle of wine in an ugly black pint-bottle, with no label or cork; and the chicken and noodles. Ah! the chicken and noodles! The pudding—the cheese—coffee—and all for fifty cents. There was a host on Sunday night. The head floor-walker from a large department store in the neighborhood and his wife; he laid aside for Sunday nothing of that dignity which makes floor-walkers and head-waiters so impressive. One of the bookkeepers in a wholesale millinery establishment and his wife. Some small shopkeepers. A pawnbroker, and a number of the citizens of Bohemia; the lady who wrote the gossip for the Sunday edition of the "Evening Hercules," in a beautiful hat,—larger than anybody's, unless that of the stout blonde with the pawnbroker,—and some teachers of violin, piano, and singing, male and female; some young artists, and one white-haired one, whose eyes were red and whose hand trembled. He drank brandy, and in summer absinthe. It was the Sunday gala night. The night off. Nearly every one came with his mate. Some were very pretty, and some were bleached or painted. All had on their Sunday garments,—even a very quiet old couple who sat in a corner and ate and drank in silence. It was so crowded Sundays that people had to wait in the hall where the cracked mirror was and the dingy paper—

bunches of roses on a yellow grey, with perpendicular stripes, darker. There were private rooms up the narrow stairs whose worn carpet was greasy with past avalanches of soups and ragouts from those accidents which come to all of us in time. But such is the uncharitableness of the heart that a lady took her virtue in her hand who was seen going up those stairs. Therefore, while the place was crowded below and eyes were everywhere, no one ventured the ascent. Such is the virtuous force of public opinion. The new-comers especially discussed the wonders of this dinner with chicken and a pint of wine—all for fifty cents. The plump piano teacher with the sparkling eyes said it was because Madame Brunello watched the markets and got for next to nothing those fowls whose souls were already about to ascend to heaven and which could not be saved over the Sabbath even by cold storage. Louis Schreiner, a socialistic artist who painted dark and melancholy landscapes and some advertisements, hinted in a tragic way that they were not even chickens. Sunday after Sunday he threw this depressing cloak upon the table, but ever ate of the unholy dish and declined to go further in his disclosures, thereby making an unappetizing impression. He and his two friends dined with two models and a chorus girl, and once he got so far as to say that during the Siege of Paris, when he was a student, he had eaten worse than gulls. But there is a revolutionary crow in every society, and, in spite of him, the company continued to believe they dined sumptuously on chicken, noodles, and wine,—all for fifty cents. For the sweet of the dinner was to believe they were getting

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a dollar's worth for fifty cents.

One evening Parenti was dining alone, in his accustomed place,—the corner of a chimney jamb. He was the regular tenant of this corner, and the oil from his hair had made dark spots on the crimson wall-paper. As he smoked his first cigarette, two girls came into the room with a certain awkwardness as of those to whom the well-battered room was the salon of elegance and fat Madame Brunello at the cashier's desk, in her black waist full to bursting (she wore magenta on Sundays), was a queen enthroned. What Madame Brunello wore below the waist, if anything, could only be conjectured, for her ample and billowy bust arose above the cashier's rail like Juno rising from the clouds, or Venus from the sea. Like Juno, her commanding eye caught the timid vesturers and wafted the head waiter to their rescue; for even in the Restaurant Brunello there were degrees, and it had its senior waiter, a perspiring young man with a well-saved shirt front, which, though evidently no longer fresh, few would have suspected of having done a month's duty. The shirt front flew to the assistance of the maidens, and, covering their confusion and supplying the assurance they lacked (which is the art of headwaiting, rather than to crush and overpower), dropped them deferentially, like a succoring knight, at a small table directly opposite Parenti's.

Parenti blew a little smoke, and showed how white his teeth were, stroked his soft and maiden-like moustache to show his white hand—and its rings. The girls were about seventeen to eighteen. One of them was hatchet-faced, freckled, with a hawk's nose and

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crooked teeth, and wonderful eyes. An ugly girl with long-lashed, glorious eyes,—as if God had made her, and then, looking upon his work, had said: "Great Heaven! Here, take the luminous eyes of a soul, and try and forget yourself." Nature gives compensations to all. This girl's name was Adèle Jourdain, a French girl; a flower maker. Her friend was Carlotta Cortina, brought from Italy as a toddling thing of three,—her father killed when she was five, and his slayer never discovered, though probably known to many of the colony. She, her mother, her younger sister, her stepfather, and the baby, living in one room. The mother sewing on a machine. The sister making flowers; herself, a feather-stripper and curler. The baby playing, and the stepfather a drunkard.

Carlotta was beautiful, with the beautiful animal face of the Madonnas. Confinement had perhaps put a little pallor upon her, and poor food had flattened a trifle the pure oval of her cheeks; but she had that which triumphs over all things, even poverty, starvation, and wretchedness,—that powerful, fleeting, unrecoverable thing, Youth. The great painter and sculptor, doctor and decorator,—Youth. The fires of youth were in her. The dews of youth were upon her. She was beautiful.

Parenti was covetous. Already he hungered for her. What a torch is beauty which, being flared into a man's eyes but an instant, makes him to follow blindly and eagerly after it. It is Nature's great beacon, and it hath its reason, or the throat of the humming bird would not glow like a ruby and the heart of man be set afire by one look at a lovely cheek.

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Parenti thrilled for her. Marked her for his own. She was beautiful with a ripe, full, and perfect physical beauty,—like a camelia. He dallied with his dinner. He smoked languidly. He posed, and ran his hand through his hair, and burned her cheek with his eyes. She and her friend ate in a way which was scarcely honest for those who were paying only fifty cents each. And the quart of wine in the black bottle, which they poured into their glasses half full of water—an unnecessary precaution, for the padrone below stairs who was cook and cellarer had kindly anticipated them. They whispered, and talked low, and giggled, and several times looked at Parenti, but quickly looked away, for they always met his eyes. But they abated nothing in their eating. They had evidently saved up for this, and intended to lay in provisions. But they did not eat with their knives or gobble, as boys would have done. Certainly, if Adam was made first, God said: "I will now make a woman, for I cannot stand his beastly habits." Delicacy is as inherent in the woman as coarseness is in the man.

Carlotta dropped her napkin—they had napkins at the Restaurant Brunello—but she did not notice it, which you would understand if you had seen the napkin. Parenti, who was poised in the firmament alert as a barred-tailed hawk for a field mouse, swooped upon the napkin, and, with affected embarrassed modesty, handed it to Carlotta, who with greater and unaffected modesty and embarrassment thanked him. He retired to his seat. That was all. But they were no longer absolute strangers. The electric circuit was complete. He toyed with his coffee and cigarette till

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the right moment, when he approached the goddess Brunello upon her cloud, and, as he paid his bill, asked who were the young ladies. Perhaps for so regular a customer she would have broken the laws of the Medes and the restaurant keepers, and would have told him. Perhaps she really did not know. But she made the usual answer: "I do not know, Signor Parenti." But, armed with the credential of this conversation, he approached the girls, and said: "Excuse me. Madame Brunello thinks, if you are willing, it would be better if I accompany you to your home. I am Giovanni Parenti, who keeps the jewelry store at 52 South Fifth avenue." "Oh, I don't know," said Adèle; "we aren't afraid. We always go around alone." "Wont you sit down?" said Carlotta. And so the citadel was stormed. The citadel! A ridiculous name for a thing as soft and yielding as a woman's heart.

The goddess Brunello from her cloud, observing the movements of mortals below her, saw Parenti after this often alone with Carlotta at dinner. Carlotta ate still with a fine destructive appetite, but she devoured Giovanni with her eyes in a hunger which was never fed. She hung upon his lips. He was to her evidently what man is to the dog. She would help him to all the best parts, the tid-bits, and the larger portions, and, when he made a pretence of giving her the best, she would quickly push back his hand with a "No! No! No! By no means. I do not care for it." She rolled his cigarettes, made him drink most of the wine, and burnt the cognac for his coffee. She said to him every night: "I am very happy. You are very good to me. I love you so much! O! If I lost your love, I would

want to die." And Parenti would smile. There is nothing so pleasant to a man as adoration; nothing so wearisome.

Carlotta and Parenti had made that marriage which existed before there was a Church or State, which will exist after Church and State have disappeared. The marriage which ever has been and ever shall be, world without end, and to the damnation of which a benevolent State and a holy Church bring every year the bodies of thousands of murdered girls and innocent babes. He had whispered in her ear words of love and of entreaty which had made her forget that the State owned her body, and he had touched her with a thrill which made her forget that the Church owned her soul. And she listened to the primeval ritual, and with the hunger of ages she hungered to do whatever would please him, so that, if the gates of hell had yawned before her and he had bid her enter, she would have cast herself into the flames, rejoicing in the sacrifice. In this she was a bad, wicked girl,—so say all those sheep who trot mincingly about to smell of the hem of the robe of society, crying baa-baa.

He fitted up a room in the rear of his shop, and she came to him there as often as she could find a chance. It was sweeter than the room where the family lived, so smoky, so full of unrest and confusion. She dressed better, and she liked that. It gave her more respect for herself. She fed better, and that put the added touch to her cheeks. All this was quite understood after a time by the mother and stepfather, and the stepfather made much profit from it and drank more recklessly. "Ah ha! Carlotta mia, you dress better

than any of us. Is that where your money goes?" And with a leer he would get from her much of her wages, and even began to levy a species of blackmail by borrowing from Parenti.

As a girl who was more than earning her own living, Carlotta had a certain independence, and little by little she lived more and more in the room back of Parenti's shop, until her sleeping in her mother's crowded room became a mere occasional pretence, and she would, like a young Cynthia, glisten before her lover nightly, and fill his room with radiance. She begged the porcelain virgin from the shop window, and fitted up a little altar, cheap and tawdry, with artificial flowers and candles, but full of symbolic meaning to her—for she was devout. Over it hung the long-suffering and daily-crucified Christ—ivory, on an ebony cross—which Parenti had given her, and to her the greater preciousness of it was that it was from him. She knew the fresh flowers she sometimes brought were pleasing to the Virgin and her son. The King of Heaven and the Saviour of souls perhaps did not care for a few earthly flowers, but they showed her adoration, and, as a sign of her love for him, he would be glad of them. She told her rosary before these two every morning and every night, and she knew they understood. They seemed very different, these two, from the people about her, and she felt that, if they came down and mingled again with the crowd, they would still be very different,—especially him: and then it seemed as if perhaps, when we got high up in the skies, we might ourselves, looking down on men and women, take a different view of sin. Not that she

thought she sinned. No. She loved. And love never can be sin—let the preachers howl as they may. She loved; and, without any one's leave, she gave herself to her lover, and she prayed before her altar as contented as a child. True, her love had cut her off from confession and the sacrament, but she felt that this prohibition was man's work; not his there on the cross. If she indeed must choose between heaven and her love,—farewell, heaven! "Ah, God! Giovanni caro—carissimo. How good you are to me! This room is our little home. It is beautiful. Ah, God! I am happy. This is heaven. Oh! more than heaven. It is here—now—real! Oh, I could burn a million ages in hell for this dear heaven, and be glad. You make me so happy. You are so good to me. I love you so much, Giovanni; I wish I could die for you. I would die for you, oh, so quickly!" and then passionately—"If ever I lose your love, I will kill myself." And Giovanni smiled, with that placid smile the Indian idols bear who sit impassive while idolaters pour jewels at their feet.

Time passed. The goddess Brunello, sitting upon her cloud, and clothed—so far as known—in a black bodice (magenta on Sundays), observing the movements of petty mortals below, saw that for some two months, or more, Carlotta did not come to the restaurant, which was becoming so popular with its imitation seven-course dinners and wine, all for fifty cents, that they had secured the adjoining house. She saw that Parenti for some three weeks did not come; then came irregularly; then came with a girl of twenty-three—dark, with red under the olive skin. A tall girl, with red lips, and teeth as white as his own; strong, sinewy

hands, covered with a dozen rings, of great brilliancy, the chief a large turquoise, set in diamonds. This lady plainly was superior, for she ate and looked about her with amused tolerance. She did not return, nor did Parenti. Signora Brunello know her,—Bella Gotti, daughter of the owner of the roast-chestnut monopoly for the city. At which the ignorant and rural reader will laugh. Nevertheless, it is so. And she was an heiress, as heiresses go among petty grafters. In truth, Nature, so careless of Church and State and all our foolish little customs, had lighted her life-torch in Carlotta.

One evening Parenti reappeared, and with him—Heaven!—the ghost of Carlotta; pale, hollow-cheeked, eyes like dark moons, thin. Even youth seemed vanquished. And the goddess, who had suspected it long before, knew what had happened, and she went on making change, watching here, and watching there, but said within her own heart: "Men are fiends."

Carlotta looked to right and left, smiling, and whispered: "Oh, it is so good to get back. So good to see the brightness. Ah, my darling, it was hell! It was hell! And that terrible woman, Madame Brown—" "Do not speak of it," said Parenti. "No," smiled Carlotta. "It is all over, and I am so happy, and I am with you once more. Oh! I would die for you, and without you I want to die. When I lay there at the edge of the grave, and looked down into the black hole, I said to my heart: 'No matter; it is for him!—and I am glad.' It seems to me now as if I had crept through some dark and horrible place, and I look back on it as a dream, but I would do it all again

for you, Giovanni. I would give my life for you. You know it." Her eyes filled, and she said in a lower whisper: "Only, I wish it was only my own life." "Don't talk of such things," said Parenti; "we have come here to enjoy ourselves. Jesus! If anything had happened, think of me. It would have ruined me. I tell you, I was most crazy. It's all right now, and it shan't happen again. So let's drop it." "Oh, yes, yes," said Carlotta, hastily; "this is the time I have dreamed of, sleeping and waking. I am back with you—really here, and you with me. I am so happy. So happy! You love me, don't you, Giovanni?" "Of course I do. Well, I should say so." "But I'm not very pretty. I never was, to my own eyes. But, Oh! when I see myself in a glass now!—Oh! such a skeleton! I am afraid you won't love me." "Tut, how foolish you talk! As if I cared for looks! But eat, now. Only you do look thin, and you must try and bankrupt Mother Brunello to cure that." "Oh, I'll be my old self in a week. You just see how I'll get fat,—for I know you don't like me this way." And so she went on, trying to break down the something which had grown between them. That night Parenti asked her: "When are you going back to work?" "Monday," she said. And, after a silence, "Giovanni, don't be mad, but, if I didn't have your love, I would want to die. I would kill myself—to get rest and forget. Would that be right? What do you think about it?" "I think you talk foolishness." "But, would it be right?" "Why not, if you wished it?" That night she knelt before her altar with the tissue-paper flowers and thanked God for this home and Giovanni's love

and her happiness, and then she prayed awhile, with silent tears welling over her eyes and slipping down her cheeks, asking Christ to save the soul of the infant his church had murdered. Then she got up, with a laugh, and said: "Ha, Giovanni; you don't know what love is. But you'll love me tomorrow, for I have learned a new omelette," and she flung herself into his arms.

The goddess, in the midst of all her celestial bustle, the making of change, the handing out of bottles of Quinquina, Vermouth, Certosa, and Cognac from the shelves at her back, had time to notice that Carlotta came about half the time now alone; and, with that all-seeing eye of deities and cashiers, she concluded that Parenti was dividing his time with another,—so suspicious are goddesses,—and she was right. Slowly the wrestler Youth gained the victory, and the bloom crept back to the madonna-like cheek, though not so purely of the apple blossom as formerly, for apple blossoms which have passed through hell never wholly revive.

One evening, as was not now infrequent, Carlotta was dining alone at the little corner table, and Louis Schreiner, the Socialist, the artist, and the skeptic, joined her, with his cigarette, and, sitting sidewise in his chair, with one arm on the table, said it would suit him just as well if Parenti would take Bella Gotti to dinner and theatre every night. Carlotta's heart stopped. Slowly the color sank out of her face. She stared as one who is dying. The waiter brought her soup. Eat! Heaven! Must she eat? Must she really swallow, and her throat so hard and choked?

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Then she said to herself: "I must eat, if I die. This man has been looking love at me for months. It is his life." So she gravely said: "Parenti has gone into politics a little. They need his influence with the Italian and French vote in this ward. He is at a meeting." "Excuse me," said Louis; "if you think that, so much the better." Carlotta swallowed hard, and said slowly: "Yes, I think so. He told me so, and, besides, he is not my property. He does not own me, I do not own him. We are not married—not yet. He can do as he pleases, thank God!" She swallowed a spoonful of soup, and counted mentally "one." She delayed all she could. She crumbled the bread, and put a crumb in her mouth; then another spoonful of soup—two—it was torture. After awhile another—three. Then he left her. Only a savage could look upon death agonies with pleasure. Presently she, too, left the restaurant. She was not well, she said. She hurried home, clasping both her hands to her breast as if she were holding there a weasel to gnaw her heart; and she hastened to the room—her room—his room—"our" room; and, as she passed the altar and threw herself upon his bed—"our" bed—and clutched the pillows in a death agony, while her body was racked and the bed shook with her sobs, she kept forcing herself to say: "It is his right. It is his right. Oh! I am so glad he is free. I am glad no court, nor any one, can pry into our hearts. If only he will be happier! That is all. Oh, God! Oh, God! I would not keep him if he wishes to go! Oh, God! Jesus! Mary! Let me die!" Then she rose from the wet pillow, and knelt at the altar, and prayed: "Hail, Mary, full of

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grace! Blessed art thou among women! Blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus! Bring him back to me

I love him so. Make him love me. Oh! Jesus, Son of God, hear my prayer. I have never asked for much. Give him back to me, and I will never ask anything more. Oh, God, all powerful! Turn his love to me again. You can do all things. Do this for me. Don't you see this will kill me? Have you sent this to me for my sin? I know I am wicked. I know what I have done. But, Oh! if only they would have let me, I would have been so glad to have had it. Hail, Mary, full of grace! Blessed art thou among women! Blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus. Blessed is the fruit of *thy* womb—Jesus. They tell me this love of mine is wicked, but my heart tells me you are not angry for this. No! No! No! Oh! Jesus, Merciful Saviour, you are not angry at me for this love. I know, in my heart, for this love I am not wicked, but—for the other, yes: But they made me do it. I will never do it again. Give his love back to me. Oh, Jesus, Son of God, be merciful! Help me! Help me! Help me!" And great tears splashed upon the altar, like the blood drops from the cross. And she went out into the street, for she had no home anywhere.

Next day she said nothing to Parenti. She tried to smile, to be to him as if it were not, but nature is stronger than a little madonna of eighteen, and often tears would well up and overflow and splash down, even while the strained smile was on her lips. And Parenti said: "What is the matter with you lately? You used to be gay, like a bird; and now it is always crying. Do you suppose a man likes clouds and rain all the

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time? No, he wants the sunshine. I come to you for refreshment. You treat me to tears. Damn it, I don't like these things." Carlotta knew that love had died, like a broken-winged butterfly in the October grass. She was a madonna of eighteen; therefore she had struggled with the wretched insect, tried to warm is as the season chilled, protected it when it lay mutilated, and at last she gathered its frail corpse to her breast. She was eighteen, but it would have been the same at a hundred. She clung to the corpse. Ask the man with the baleful light of starvation in his eye to give you his bone.

Sunday, October 13, Parenti was very pleasant all day, and at about two o'clock he said: "Carlotta, put on your things, and we will go up to the Bronx. I want to have a long talk with you." He pulled at his effeminate moustache, and kissed her, and then went to his bureau-drawer and slipped a broad, wicked-looking knife into his hip-pocket. Carlotta got ready slowly, going all about the room, touching this and that. Then, when she was ready to go out, her hat and jacket on, she knelt before the altar so long that he left the room. Presently he walked back to get her, and, as he reached the door, he saw her hastily take his pistol from his desk, and secrete it under her jacket. She looked closely at him and blushed, but he pretended not to have seen. She passed out, and he smiled to himself—a satisfied smile. On the ride up, Parenti was jocular and almost hilarious; Carlotta quiet, smiling pensively. They had a glass of beer and a sandwich in a restaurant; at least Parenti did. Carlotta was not feeling well, and could not eat.

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"Oh, well; we will have a good supper tonight when we go back, and not at Madame Brunello's, with her magenta waist," laughed Parenti, and his teeth were white as a wolf's. Carlotta smiled, a wan smile, and brushed her hand over her eyes. Then, at dusk, he seated her in a lonely corner of rocks near the Bronx. The nig' 'birds were beginning to wheel about mysteriously. "Carlotta," said Parenti, "it is all over. I am going to marry Bella Gotti a week from today. That's what I brought you out here to tell you. It's settled, and there is no use of your making a fuss. Next Sunday we shall be married." Carlotta strained her hands over her knee—and said nothing. The merciful darkness veiled her face. After a long silence, she said, in a hoarse whisper: "Next Sunday—married—it is soon—next Sunday. I wish you great joy, Giovanni. Let us go." She got up, staggering a little. He walked a little ahead, his face frowning, doubtful, and his hand on his hip-pocket. After a few steps she whispered: "Wait, Giovanni." He stopped. She said: "Kiss me, Giovanni. Kiss me once more." He kissed her, and held her in his arms a moment, and, as he turned to walk again, he smiled, and just after he turned he heard a slight, sharp click. He knew it was the click of his revolver. He knew it was behind his back, not more than three feet, but he did not even look around. He had not a moment's suspicion for his own safety. He had confidence in her unselfish adoration. There was a sharp report, a soft fall, a sigh. He stooped, and looked close at her in the dark. There was a look of triumph in his face. He put down his hand and touched her. She was dead.

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Then he hurried off a dozen steps. Then he thought of the pistol, his pistol. He hurried back, groped, and found it, but touched blood, and drew back his hand as from a snake, and flung the pistol toward the Bronx and hurried away, almost running. He heard steps behind him, and ran as fast as he could. Some one ordered him to stop. He flew out of the path into the bushes. There were feet behind him chasing him. His hair rose; his throat contracted. "Halt! or I fire," called a voice close behind him. Suddenly he thought: "Flight is confession. I was foolish to run." He stopped. A hand was on his shoulder—a pistol in his face. He was under arrest. "What is your name?" said the policeman? Like a flash he thought: "Shall I lie? Useless. They have me." "Giovanni Parenti. I keep the jewelry store at 52 South Fifth avenue." "What are you doing up here?" "I came up for a walk." "Who with?" "No one." Perhaps that was a foolish answer, but he could not lead them to that dark lump on the ground. He must trust to luck. After all, he was innocent, and the merciful law does not even convict the guilty. "No one?" "No one." "You were alone?" "I was alone." "Didn't you hear a pistol shot?" "No— That is, I'm not sure. I heard something." "Why did you run?" "I didn't know who you were." "You were running before you saw me." "No!" "Humph. You are under arrest. Come with me to the precinct station-house."

There he was booked. Blood was on his hand, and in less than an hour Carlotta was found, with the night birds whirling softly over her, so as not to break

her rest. Next day the pistol was found, and Parenti was held on a charge of murder. Bella Gotti visited him in his cell, and brought him flowers. In her heart she did not believe his story of Carlotta's suicide, for what could be more flattering than to have your rival murdered for your sake? The State showed that Carlotta was Parenti's mistress; that he was about to marry Bella Gotti (who was in court as an exhibit for the defence, and looked down at this, happy in her importance); that he had lunched with Carlotta, and taken her to the lonely spot; that he had run away, had lied when questioned; and, by five experts paid by the State, that the wound on Carlotta could not have been self-inflicted—which was contradicted by ten experts paid by Parenti. But no expert could show how the pistol—Parenti's pistol—could be thrown twenty-seven feet by the dead girl. Parenti was sworn in his own behalf, and told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, which his own lawyers believed to be a lie. He could not well explain why he went for a Sunday stroll with his mistress, with such a murderous knife in his pocket. Counsel for the State bellowed at the jury about the motive, the sacredness of life, and the necessity of protecting young helpless girls, even though they were outcasts. Counsel for the defence bellowed about the sacredness of life, and the reasonable doubt, and pointed at Bella Gotti, who wept. It was a reform period, and Gotti could not tamper with the judge, jury, or district attorney. The jury filed in, and were seated. "Have you agreed, gentlemen?" "We have." Parenti clutched the table. "What is your verdict?" "We find the

defendant, Giovanni Parenti, guilty of murder in the first degree." Parenti was ashen pale, and gulped for air. There were the usual motions and appeal, and one soft spring morning, when the earth seemed in a languorous swoon,—the birds all mating and twittering and the young leaves bright as jewels; when love of life was in the veins,—Giovanni Parenti was led out to die. He could not stand. He raved against the law, against man and God, till the priest beside him prayed with him not to commit blasphemy in his last moments. Over and over again he protested his innocence, and shrieked that he would not die. He could not die. He tried to clutch, with his pinioned arms, at the people, at the rail of the scaffold steps, at anything to hold him back. He had to be fortified with great drinks of whiskey, and at the last moment, with the priest beside him, he became calm. He protested his innocence again, but forgave every one, and hoped to meet them all in heaven.

Carlotta's mother was there, with old Mother Granello, who had second sight, and who said that back of Parenti on the scaffold was the Devil, waiting for his soul, and, when Parenti protested his innocence, she saw the Devil hug himself with laughter.

The birds went on building and twittering, and the stars shone that night just as if a man had not died.

The little altar was broken up. I do not know what became of the crucifix, but the porcelain virgin went to another shop window, La Chapelle's Bakery, where she stood among the loaves and with sad eyes watched the hungry.

There was great discussion whether Carlotta had

gone straight to hell. Some said that Father Ryan—a young man—had said she had gone straight to hell; others said that Father Vitelli—an old man—told them to mind their own lives, and leave the dead to God. But a star looked in at the bakery window, where the Virgin so tenderly gathered her blue drapery to her bosom, and it seemed as if to one on that star all these deep and serious questions would not be important.

FRANCIS DU BOSQUE.

THE LAW, MARRIAGE, AND FREEDOM

Elsewhere in this issue of Liberty there appears a spirited reply from my friend Wood, of Portland, to a paragraph which I, the undersigned, innocently, without malice aforethought, wrote by way of passing comment on a note in Mr. Wood's corner in the "Pacific Monthly" and sent to the editor "on approval." He made it his own by publishing it in the Picket Duty pages, but, whatever flank attack he may be wickedly planning, he has asked me to meet Mr. Wood's frontal assault in my own way, without reckoning on re-enforcement from him.

I find my courage oozing out, like that of Bob Acres, for Wood is a formidable antagonist, and a long letter is more than I bargained for in penning the short paragraph. Still, as the Germans put it, he who says A must say B. Should Wood unhorse me, his humanity will prompt him to spare my forfeited head.

First, as to incidental, minor points. Why are my interrogation points "not honest"? Since Mr. Wood

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proceeds to answer the questions at some length, why can't he believe that they were put to elicit explanation? They may be exclamations of horror and indignation (I have no physician's certificate to disprove the hysteria), but one may be horrified and indignant, and yet ask questions. Besides, objections in the form of questions all writers have recognized as a perfectly legitimate rhetorical mode. I can't see that Mr. Wood had any reasonable ground for demurring to the manner in which the objections were presented.

Mr. Wood tells me I need not worry because his suggestions as to marriage stand no chance of being put into effect. But, if he thought it worth while to make them seriously, why was it not worth while for me to challenge them seriously? Moreover, what worried me at the time was the state of the Wood soul. I saw him sinking in a sea of paradoxes and fallacies, and plunged in to rescue him, that he might repent and insure his intellectual salvation.

But to the main point. Mr. Wood denies that his remedy violates freedom, contract, individuality. He denies that he would establish slavery and inflict injustice or hardship. His argument may be summarized as follows:

Girls are suffering cruelly by reason of the fact that cohabitation is not legally treated as the essence of marriage.

Men worship Law, and the unfortunate girls cannot be made respectable, respected, and self-respecting without legal action of some sort designed to remove the disgrace attaching to maternity to which State and Church did not consent.

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Since, then, society is not ready for free unions and free separations, why not decree that cohabitation shall be regarded as marriage? That would solve the "disgrace" problem, and do away with fear-inspired suicides. It would also constitute a step toward freedom in sexual relations, and we should be willing to crawl toward our goal when we cannot run.

The argument is doubtless the best that any one could make for the Wood proposals. It is nevertheless lame and feeble and unsound all over.

To begin with, it does not even profess to apply to the cases where the "betrayers" are already married. Mr. Wood offers us but few words on that vital part of the programme. He advocated "action for support or alimony" as against married men, and, of course, nothing more. *There* cohabitation is *not* the essence of marriage in monogamous (that is, nominally monogamous) countries.

As to this class of cases, I repeat—not hysterically, as my physician assures me, but coolly—that "the suggestion" is "monstrous." For "why should the man be made by law to pay more than the woman [Mr. Wood, by the way, does not finish my sentence in quoting it—an oversight, I'm sure] agreed to accept—if there was any question of pay in the affair? If"—as I continued—"there was no such question, it is surely scandalous to introduce it regardless of her intentions. Mr. Wood, contrary to all his principles, treats here grown persons as children who cannot regulate their own affairs."

As his argument from cohabitation is inapplicable to cases where the men are already married, I claim

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judgment as to that half of the controversy—judgment through his default. To "presume" contracts where none were made or intended is of course a mockery of freedom of contract. But is the argument at least plausible with reference to the other half? Alas! I can't say that it is. I wish my task were harder. I entered the arena trembling; I find now that the victory is too easy.

Cohabitation *is* marriage, says Wood; why not call it so? What right do we violate when we recognize facts as facts?

No, cohabitation is not marriage. On this point the world, the law, public opinion—everybody in short, dissents from my friend's view. Let him consult the dictionaries, technical and general. Let him ask the "man on the street." Let me quote Ruskin: "Marriage . . . . . is the only seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love." Mr. Wood may "feel" that cohabitation *ought* to be the real essence of marriage. The theory and practice of mankind are opposed to him.

Mr. Wood, therefore, instead of recognizing facts, would revolutionize the existing situation. He would introduce an unheard-of priaciple. He would do it in the name of freedom, he protests, and only because of the average man's superstitious respect for Law. Unfortunately for his position, and fortunately for liberty, there is no such overpowering, oppressive respect for Law as he alleges to exist. Men, to be sure, glibly talk about Law, but what are the facts? What do men do when the law and the pocket collide? Which is the

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stronger influence—economic interest or the shalt-nots of the law?

Let the corporations and trusts answer. They are vehement upholders of the law—at the expense of union labor, for example. Let the violent strikers and their sympathizers answer. These, too, want plenty of law—for the capitalists. Let the tariff-dodging importers answer, the adulterators of foods, and so on, and so on. And what about adultery?

Mr. Wood is mistaken in his notion that reform by and through law is the line of least resistance. And with this all that remains of his argument falls to the ground.

I may add that he contradicts himself and gives his whole case away in the incidental remark concerning the certainty that his ideas will never be tried. If his ideas will never be put into effect, what makes them practical and expedient with the "modern mind"? Why does he speak of crawling, of using laws toward Anarchism? How can you "use" things which stand no chance of adoption.

What is *my* remedy? asks my friend in conclusion. I have no interim remedies for the evil. The permanent remedy he knows very well—free unions and free separation at the will of either, with no distinction between children begotten of lasting and children begotten of ephemeral unions. Is this too remote a solution? How can anything be more remote than a remedy which, though recommended as simple, is admitted to be even without ultimate chance of adoption?

S. R.

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A LESSON IN CRAWLING

My good friend Tucker:

On page twelve of April "Liberty" you quote me *verbatim*, the substance being that I suggest that those who insist upon regulating human conduct by law should pass a law giving every woman the right to register any act of sexual cohabitation with a man as marriage, giving the man the right to register his divorce of such wife, and giving any woman the right to prove in the lifetime of the father parentage of a child, which being proven, the child shall be legitimate.

In genuine horror you exclaim against this "law-made slavery" and ask: "Cohabitation is to be declared marriage, irrespective of the intent, will, purpose of the persons directly concerned. On what ground, pray? In the name of what principle? What becomes of the right of contract that adults are supposed to possess? Whose rights do people who cohabit without a marriage license invade thereby? In the case of a married man, the suggestion that the woman should be entitled to sue for support or alimony is equally monstrous. Why should the man be made by law to pay more than the woman?"

Now, my dear Tucker, I know those interrogation points are not honest. You don't really ask these questions. They are hysterical exclamations of horror and indignation (the idea of your being hysterical), and, as I know nobody is ever convinced by argument,—you least of all,—I wouldn't attempt to answer your questions, if the subject were less important than it is. If I did not have a fatalistic faith that discussion of any subject is good, I would end this by saying that neither you nor I need worry. My suggestions will never be put into effect.

In the first place, I am talking of law. I am assuming the existence of that slavery which law implies. I am accepting the existing mode of controlling human actions by government. I am addressing law-makers who see an evil and seek a remedy. What is the evil? You find it in every river; on the slabs of every morgue; in the death rooms of every abortionist; in every city, in every country town; in every desolate farming region. Some girl is offering up her life, or the life of her child, or both, to conceal her "disgrace." The disgrace of motherhood. The naturalest and forcefulest act of all nature made shameful and murderous by law and custom. That is all; just law and custom.

You admit, my Anarchistic friend, that this motherhood is nobody's business but the girl's. That is really true. You will

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admit, too, I suppose, that she does not kill herself, or her babe, or offer herself to be killed, because she hates maternity. If she were married and "*honorable*," she would, as a rule, be glad of her burden and proud of her baby. She stabs at herself; she ruins her health. She steals away to the "Doctor" or the "Nurses' Retreat," or, frantic, she throws herself into the river,—not from fear of maternity, but to "hide her shame." If you don't believe that to be true, then I'll say dogmatically it is true, and proceed.

The evil to be remedied is to remove from the girl's mind that a baby created by leave of love, without leave of Church or State, is a disgrace. Now, Mr. Anarchist, you mustn't forget that fact. That is what we are aiming at.

The modern mind is so slavish to law it really begins to reverse things, and, instead of looking upon law as having its sanction in right and morals, it has learned to believe that right and morals have their sanction in law. Law, with a capital L, is to the modern mind a real god, proclaiming right and wrong, and as it proclaims, so must it be. Therefore I suggest a law which shall announce this supreme fiat: "It is no disgrace to have a baby. The little devil can be just as legitimate as his church-made brother. You need not kill yourself,—poor fool,—for the all-wise law has declared you a wife, and you may go register your title to the name."

Now, I have always felt that an illegitimate child ought not to be too severely punished because he did not arrange to have his parents married. It may be careless of him, but it is not criminal. I presume you agree to this, my Liberty friend. I have always felt, too, that it was nobody's business but Bobbie Burns's and Jean Armour's about that illegitimate child, and it is nobody's business but the man's and the woman's at any time. I presume, Destroyer of the Government, you agree to that, also.

I have always felt that the real essence of marriage was cohabitation. Of course, if it is to continue as a permanent relation, you must be chums—friends. But I have never felt that time was an element of marriage, nor that, if people lived together, say thirty days, they were any more married than if they lived together one night. One is a marriage of longer duration than the other; that is all. The essence is mating—procreation; perpetuation of race. I regard the mare which accepts the stallion as quite legally married, and I have no loss of respect for her, and I do not regard humans as essentially of any different mould. We are all animals. We are born; we procreate; we die. And I have a contempt for a law which begins by ar-

rogating to ourselves divine origin and divine superiority, and then finds any disgrace whatever in the free operation of nature's greatest law.

To those who say, "Do you put men and women on a level with the brutes?" it is needless to make answer. Men and women who are brutes will be brutes in spite of Church or State. Men and women who are the highest types of intellectual and moral development will be so in spite of Church or State. The recognition of a natural fact never hurt any one. If every sexual intercourse of a man with a woman is marriage, honorable marriage, and is so declared by law, this is then, in effect, that free marriage which Anarchism seeks; and, if we must have laws, let us have a law which puts into effect what should be the real intent of every man and woman in the sexual relation. In fact, I cannot see how any other intent is avoidable in perfect freedom of mating and parting. If all cohabitation be by a law of nature honorable marriage, then every act of cohabitation is honorable marriage, and every pregnancy of woman is honorable. I propose a law which in effect declares this; assuming that it must be regulated by law. Do you propose a law or custom, my Anarchistic friend, to declare otherwise? To declare there is to be the most perfect freedom of inter-relation of the sexes, but that some women shall be wives, others not; some babies legitimate, others not. What is your position on this? What is to be the mental attitude in a perfect condition of Anarchism?

So I answer your questions: On what ground? On what principle? On the ground of freedom; on the universal principle of free sexual intercourse. What becomes of the right of contract? It exists. If all cohabitation between those not married be marriage, men and women must be supposed to contract to that effect,—as they are now supposed to contract to pay for goods they order delivered, or labor they order performed, or are supposed to intend to repay and to agree to repay money which another expends to save their home from foreclosure. Or as one who sits in a chair on a Paris street is supposed to intend to pay for it. Or a thousand cases of intent and contract implied from custom, or from receiving a benefit. Where is the "slavery?" The man can register his freedom as arbitrarily as the woman can register the marriage, and he has precisely the same rights he now has to contest the fact of sexual intercourse and the fact of parentage. People who cohabit invade no one's rights. But, still remembering that we are dealing with law and with the present state of society and are aiming to save women and babes from unnecessary slaughter, we must give the helpless

girl—made helpless by present conditions—a right to exact some help from those same conditions, to aid in bringing forth and rearing her offspring. The man ought not to be allowed to always take advantage of present unjust and arbitrary law-made conditions, but the remedies of present conditions must be applied to the man who is unwilling to live up to his contract, his presumed contract being to care for his children. This the law now presumes and compels in favor of his legitimate children: but for the illegitimate it leaves him free as Anarchism would leave him, but the woman bound as the present system binds her, and the child killed by the mother lest it disgrace her; disowned and neglected by the father, lest it disgrace him.

I am willing to crawl before I run. If I cannot have Anarchism, I am willing to use laws toward Anarchism.

Now, Brother Tucker, what is your remedy for the injustice of modern law and modern thought toward illegitimate children and their often girlish mothers?

C. E. S. Wood.

Portland, Oregon, April 10, 1906.

ANOTHER MAN WITH A BACKBONE

[From a Cincinnati newspaper.]

His views as to what constitute the duties of a jury prevented Daniel Kiefer from sitting in the trial of a case in Judge Murphy's room during the week. Mr. Kiefer was not sorry, for he did not want to sit. He was frank enough to say to his honor, as soon as he had an opportunity, that he felt sure he would not be regarded as competent for jury service; but Judge Murphy told Mr. Kiefer that was a matter that must be determined upon examination. The examination was conducted by Attorney Province Pogue, and, before the attorney had gotten the reins well in hand, Mr. Kiefer had taken the hurdle with the statement: "I hold that a juror has the same right to pass on the law of the case as on the evidence. I mean I would not be governed by instructions of the court in rendering a verdict."

Somewhat dazed by the jar, Mr. Pogue appealed to the judge with: "From the position of the gentleman I do not think he would be a proper juror. He announces that he would not follow the instructions of the court. We all have to be governed by the court's interpretation of the law. I do not see why the juror should not follow the instructions."

Mr. Kiefer—"I mean this: That, having been sworn as a

juror, I supposed I was free to pass judgment in the case as it is submitted to me; the matter might in my judgment be right, and the court might not think it right."

Mr. Pogue—"Would you under the circumstances follow the instructions of the court?"

Mr. Kiefer—"If the instructions of the court agreed with my ideas on what I was passing on."

Judge Murphy—"A man who is living in a community must be governed by the customs of that community."

Mr. Kiefer—"This is your court. You can do as you choose. I still hold my views."

Judge Murphy—"We couldn't exist and administer justice if every man were to be a law unto himself."

Mr. Kiefer—"That is a debatable question."

Judge Murphy—"We will not debate it here."

Mr. Kiefer—"Then I am excused?"

Judge Murphy—"Yes. I am not censuring you, Mr. Kiefer; that is not my province. I like to have a man of your intelligence and honesty on the jury, but your views are at variance with the established rules of practice."

FAME

Said a honey-bee to a busy flea:
"What an awful chump you are!
You hop and hop, and seldom stop,
Yet never travel far.

"If you'll watch me, you'll quickly see
The way I gather honey;
I spend my hours in robbing flowers,
And thus I coin money."

Then said the flea: "It's plain to see
That you can never thrive;
You spend your hours in robbing flowers
That men may rob your hive.

"You're not so hot! You're soon forgot!
But men remember *me;*
For every day I hear them say:
'*Where is that goddam flea?*'"

—*Wm. W. Catlin.*

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